

SCENE VIII.

WELFORD AND JONATHAN.

[Silvia gives the Letter to Welford who reads it.]

WELFORD.

See, my Silvia, the picture of a mind struggling between a sense of virtue, and the love of vice. Yet he entreats to see thee in such terms, as might move weak minds to pity him. [*Gives her the Letter.*]

SILVIA.

If pity be a weakness, I am, sure, the weakest of my sex; but yet I fear to see him.

WELFORD.

His base attempt on thee, his avow'd aversion to marriage, and the ruin of the daughter of that honest stranger whom we entertain'd, all shew the justice of thy fear.

SILVIA.

That men should know vice to be an evil, by the pain it gives, and yet cherish the monster that destroys their peace.

WELFORD.

I have sworn never to expose thee to be again insulted by that licentious man. Yet I cannot but wish he had not render'd himself utterly unworthy of thee. But I have given him up. You shall have ample satisfaction for all the wrongs you have suffer'd.

SILVIA.

If you can entertain a thought of vengeance, how are you chang'd, my father!

WELFORD.